

# ALL HALLOWS COLLEGE

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Boarding and Day School for Boys.

Classes begin Wednesday, September 9. Classical, Scientific and Commercial courses. Special department for little boys, under the care of a trained teacher. For terms and information, apply to

Very Rev. J. J. Guinan, S. M., President.

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ARE MASTERS OF EVASIVENESS.

Bedouin's Answer Typical of the People of the East.

In the far east, when men converse together, an evasion is equal to an answer. Riding down to Egypt over the old caravan route from Jerusalem to Cairo, Norman Duncan and a party pitched their tents outside a Bedouin village and by so doing offended against the laws of hospitality which the people so religiously maintain. Mr. Duncan, writing in Harper's Magazine, says that he was obliged to turn aside their reproaches—and avoid the abominable quarters which were still being offered. Turning to his guide, he said: "The man must be diverted. Ask him if the world is round or flat." The reply was a pure philosopher's jewel of the east. "If the world is flat," came the response, after heavy pondering, "I am content; if it is round, it is by God's wisdom." And the men softly applauded, in their pleasure forgetting their injury, forgetting everything except the joyous native craft of words.

The new law offices of State Representative Harry J. Robinson are in rooms 102-103 Mercantile Block, Salt Lake City, Utah, to whom all who are in need of legal advice are referred.

## An Ancient "Twopenny Tube."

A great tunnel which has lately been found at Gezer, in the land of the Philistines, in Palestine, was described at the annual meeting of the Palestine Exploration Fund. Prof. Macalister, whose son has been making the excavations, said that the tunnel, which was made about 2000 B. C., is as high as the "Twopenny Tube" and half as wide. It descends by 80 steps, the lowest of which is 130 feet below ground. In it is a well. The tunnel is the greatest engineering work that has been found in Palestine, and has astonished every one who has seen it.—St. James' Gazette.

FINE WRITING PAPER with your initials embossed. Write  
PENBROKE STATIONERY CO., Salt Lake City.

## Johnson's Tribute to Religion.

The strength of empire is in religion.—Ben Jonson.

## Best Work at Fifty.

In the industrial world it has become accepted that a man is too old at 40, and the London county council works department decided last year not to engage men above 35. How is it in the intellectual world? Despite all the evidences of precocity, Mr. Dorland arrives at a conclusion which gives an average of 50 for the master work of great men.—T. P.'s Weekly.

## Vitality in Brain Work.

Vital as is the physical side of conserving youth, its true fountain is in our brain. If we maintain activity of its cells it quickens the circulation of the blood, the vital organs, gives light to the eyes, preserves the suppleness of the body, removes to a distance illness, age, death itself.

## Two of a Kind.

"Yes," said Maj. Bragg. "I've been in many engagements in my time, but I never lost my head!"  
"How odd!" exclaimed the summer girl. "Now, I've been in many engagements, too, and never lost my head."

## Tin in Star's Atmosphere.

Observations of the spectrum of Alpha Scorpii, made at the Cape of Good Hope, have shown a puzzling line that an English astronomer has attributed to tin. If this proves to be correct, it is the first discovery of tin ever made in the atmosphere of a star.

## Maidair Peril.

Mother Bird—Run along and play now; but be careful you don't get run over by any of those flying machines.  
—Metropolitan Magazine.

# SERIAL STORY

## The Princess Elopes

By HAROLD McGRATH

Author of  
"The Man on the Box,"  
"Hearts and Masks," Etc.

(Copyright, 1904, Bobbs-Merrill Co.)

### SYNOPSIS.

Arthur Warrington, American consul to Barcelona, tells how reigning Grand Duke attempts to force his niece, Princess Hildegarde, to marry Prince Barchett, an old widower. Warrington does not know the princess even by sight. While riding through the country night overtakes him and he seeks accommodations in a dilapidated castle. Here he finds two women and an old man servant. One woman is Princess Hildegarde and the other a friend, Hon. Betty Moore, of England. They detain him to witness a mock marriage between the princess and a disgraced army officer, Steinbock, done for the purpose of felling the grand duke. Steinbock attempts to kiss the princess and she is rescued by Warrington. Steinbock disappears for good. Max Scharfstein, an old American friend of Warrington's, revives Barchett. Warrington tells him of the princess. Scharfstein shows Warrington a locket with a picture of a woman inside. It was on his neck when he, as a boy, was picked up and adopted by his foster father, whose name he was given. He believes it to be a picture of his mother. The grand duke announces to the princess that she is to marry Doppelkorn the following week. During a morning's ride she plans to escape. She meets Scharfstein. He finds a purse she has dropped but does not discover her identity. Warrington entertains at a public restaurant for a number of American medical students. Max arrives late and relates an interesting bit of gossip to the effect that the princess has run away from Barcelona. He unwittingly offends a native officer and subjects himself to certain arrest. Max is persuaded to take one of the American student's passports and escape. The grand duke discovers the escape of the princess. She leaves a note saying she has eloped.

### CHAPTER VIII.—Continued.

The valet hurried to the dresser and returned with the duke's state eye-glasses. These the duke perched deliberately upon the end of his noble nose. He opened the letter and read its contents. The valet, watching him slyly, saw him grow pale, then red, and finally purple,—wrath has its rainbow. His hands shook, the glasses slipped from his palpitating nose. And I grieve to relate that his serene highness swore something marvelous to hear.

"Damnation!" he said, or some such word. "The little fool!" Then, suddenly remembering his dignity and the phrase that no man is a hero to his valet, he pointed to his glasses, at the same time returning the letter to its envelope, this letter which had caused this momentary perturbation. "Call the minister of police. You will find him in the smoking-room off the conservatory. Make all haste!"

The valet flew out of the door, while the duke began pacing up and down the room, muttering and growling, and bailing his fists, and jingling his shining medals. He kicked over an unoffensive hassock and his favorite hound, and I don't know how many long-winded German oaths he let go. (It's a mighty hard language to swear in, especially when a man's under high pressure.)

"The silly little fool! And on a night like this! Curse it! This is what comes of mixing Spanish blood with German, of letting her aunt's wishes overrule mine in the matter of education. But she shall be brought back, even if I have to ask the assistance of every sovereign in Europe. This is the end. And I had planned such a pleasant evening at cards!" The duke was not wholly unselfish.

In less than ten minutes' time the valet returned with the minister of police. The duke immediately dismissed the valet.

"Your serene highness sent for me?" asked the minister, shaking in his boots. There had been four ministers of police in three years.

"Yes. Read this."

The minister took the letter. He read it with bulging eyes. "Good heavens, it must be one of her highness' jokes!"

"It will be a sorry joke for you if she crosses any of the frontiers."

"But—" roared the duke. "Don't you dare bring up that word scandal! Seek her. Turn everybody out,—the army, the police, everybody. When you locate her, telegraph, and have a special engine awaiting me at the station. And if you play a poor game of cards to-night I'll take away your portfolio. Remember, if she passes the frontier, off goes your official head!"

"The good Lord only knows! That girl! . . . Witness these gray hairs. Put the rascal in irons; I'll attend to his case when I arrive. . . . Where is Steinbock?"

"He was arrested this morning in Berlin; I have already applied for his extradition."

"Good! Now, be off with you! Leave no stone unturned. The expense is nothing; I will gladly pay it out of my private purse."

"I'll find her," said the minister grimly. His portfolio hung in the balance.

All at once the duke struck his hands together jubilantly.

"What is it?" asked the minister.

"A clue?"

"Nothing, nothing! Be gone; you are wasting time."

The minister of police dashed out of the room as if pursued by a thousand devils. He knew the duke's mood; it was not one to cross or irritate. No sooner was he gone than the duke left his apartments and sought those of his niece. It might be a joke; it would do no harm to find out positively. But the beautiful suite was empty; even her highness' maid was gone. He then knocked on the door which led into Betty's boudoir, not very gently either.

"Open!" he bellowed.

"Who is it?" demanded a maid's frightened voice.

"The duke! Open instantly!"

"It is quite impossible," said another voice from within. It was calm and firm. "I am dressing."

"I must see you this instant. Open or I shall force the door!"

"Is your serene highness mad?"

"Will you open this door?"

"You command it?"

"A hundred times, yes!"

"Since you command it." The voice was no longer calm; it was sharp and angry.

The wait seemed an hour to his serene highness, serene no longer. At length the bolt slipped, and the duke shouldered his way in. The table which met his gaze embarrassed him for a space. He was even ashamed! The Honorable Betty stood behind a tall-backed chair, an opera cloak thrown hastily over her bare shoulders. Her hair was partly down. A beautiful woman in a rage is a fascinating sight. The duke stared at her irresolutely.

"Will your highness explain this extraordinary intrusion?" she demanded.

"You have literally forced your way into my room while I am dressing. It is utterly outside my understanding."

"I am old enough to be your father."

"That is the weakest excuse you could give me. At your age one's blood ought to be cooled to a certain discretion. My father, if he had had anything important to say, would have remained on the other side of the door. I am not deaf. Your explanation is in order."

The duke had never been talked to so plainly in all his life. For a while he was without voice, but had plenty of color. "It is easily explained," he finally bawled out to her. "Her highness has eloped!"

The girl stared at him with wide eyes. "Eloped?" she breathed faintly.

"Yes, eloped."

Betty wondered if she heard aright, or if the duke were out of his mind; and then she recollected her conversation with the princess. Her mouth opened as if to speak, but instead she closed her lips tightly. That wilful girl; whatever would become of her!

"Give this letter to your mistress," said the duke to the maid. "I will station myself in the window while she reads it."

He strode over to the window and drew the curtains about him. Below, the night crowds were wandering about the streets; the band was playing in the Volksgarten; carriages were rolling to and from the opera; the fountain in the center of the square sparkled merrily in the glare of the arc lights. But the duke saw none of these things. Rather he saw the telegraphic dispatches flying to the four ends of the globe, telling the peoples that he, the Grand Duke of Barcelona, had been outwitted by a girl; that the Princess Hildegarde had eloped with a man, who was not the chosen one. In other words, he saw himself laughed at from one end of the continent to the other. (There is something very funny in domestic troubles when they occur in another man's family!) No, the duke saw not the beauty of the night; instead of stars he saw asterisks, that abominable astronomy of the lampoonists. He had never doubted the girl's courage; but to elope!

. . . And who the devil had eloped with her? He knew the girl's natural pride; whoever the fellow might be,

he could be no less than a gentleman.

But who, who?

"Your highness?" called a quiet (if might say delectable) voice.

The duke came forth.

"Your highness will do me the honor to make out my passports to-night. I desire to leave the palace immediately. The affront you have put upon me, even under the circumstances, is wholly unpardonable. You imply that I have had something to do with her highness' act. You will excuse me to her serene highness, whom I love and respect. My dignity demands that I leave at once."

A flicker—but only a flicker—of admiration lighted the duke's eyes. "You are a plucky little baggage."

"I will issue your passports upon one condition," he said.

"And that condition?"—proudly.

"Tell me everything: Where has she gone, and with whom?"

"I know absolutely nothing."

Silence. The duke gnawed his mustache, while his eyes strove in vain to beat down hers.

"Thank you, I believe you." Then, giving way to his wrath: "You English people, you are all the same! You never understand. I have brought up this girl and surrounded her with every luxury; against my will and reason I have let her become educated in foreign lands; I have given her the utmost freedom; this is how I am repaid."

"You forgot one important thing your highness."

"What?"—haughtily.

"Affection. You have never given her that."

The duke felt himself beaten into silence, and this did not add to his amiability.

"Your passports shall be made out



The Duke Stared at Her Irresolutely.

immediately; but I beg of you to reconsider your determination, and to remain here as long as you please. For the sake of appearances, I desire your presence at the dinner table."

"I shall leave as soon as the dinner is over." This girl's mind seemed immovable.

The duke shrugged. There was no use in beating against this wall. "I wish you knew whether she has gone."

"Frankly, if I knew I should not tell your highness. My father taught me never to betray a confidence."

"As you will. I beg your pardon for the abruptness of my entrance," he said, choking down his wrath. He could not allow himself to be outdone in the matter of coolness by this chit of an English girl.

"I grant it you."

The duke then retired, or, I should say, retreated. He wandered aimlessly about the palace, waiting for news and making wretched all those with whom he came in contact. The duchess was not feeling well; a wrangle with her was out of question; besides, he would make himself hoarse. So he waited and waited, and re-read the princess' letter. At dinner he ate nothing; his replies were curt and surly. The Honorable Betty also ate nothing. She sat, wondering if her maid could pack five trunks in two hours.

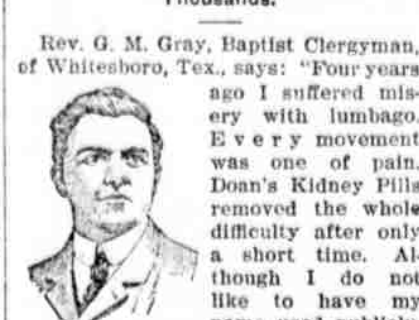
I had quite a time of it myself that night. As I predicted, I received a visit from the police in regard to Mr. Scharfstein. I explained the matter the best I knew how, and confessed that he had hurriedly left the city for parts unknown. I did not consider it absolutely essential that I should declare that I had seen him enter a railway carriage for Dresden. Besides this, I had to stand sponsor for the other boys and explain at length that they were in no wise concerned with Mr. Scharfstein's great offense. The police were courteous and deferential, admitting that Max was the culprit. He had drawn a revolver in a public restaurant; he had broken a grave law. The inspector wrote a dozen telegrams and dispatched them from the consulate. I had, at his request, offered him the blanks.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

There's a Difference. Patch by patch is good housewifery, but patch upon patch is plain beggary.

## A TEXAS CLERGYMAN

Speaks Out for the Benefit of Suffering Thousands.



Rev. G. M. Gray, Baptist Clergyman, of Whitesboro, Tex., says: "Four years ago I suffered miserably with lumbago. Every movement was one of pain. Doan's Kidney Pills removed the whole difficulty after only a short time. Although I do not like to have my name used publicly, I make an exception in this case, so that other sufferers from kidney trouble may profit by my experience."

Sold by all dealers. 50 cents a box. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

### Very Tempting.

A man was brought before a justice of the peace charged with the offense of kissing a young woman "by force and violence, and against her will."

The young lady, who was very handsome, gave her testimony in a modest and straightforward manner, after which his honor gave the following decision: "The court in this case sympathizes with the defendant, and will therefore discharge him without fine, imprisonment or reprimand, because the court while this case has been in progress has been obliged to hold on to both arms of his chair to keep from kissing the complainant himself."

### THREE CURES OF ECZEMA.

Woman Tells of Her Brother's Terrible Suffering—Two Babies Also Cured—Cuticura Invaluable.

"My brother had eczema three different summers. Each summer it came out between his shoulders and down his back, and he said his suffering was terrible. When it came on the third summer, he bought a box of Cuticura Ointment and gave it a faithful trial. Soon he began to feel better and he cured himself entirely of eczema with Cuticura. A lady in Indiana heard of how my daughter, Mrs. Miller, had cured her little son of terrible eczema by the Cuticura Remedies. This lady's little one had the eczema so badly that they thought they would lose it. She used Cuticura Remedies and they cured her child entirely, and the disease never came back. Mrs. Sarah E. Lusk, Coldwater, Mich., Aug. 15 and Sept. 2, 1907."

On Trial. A Scotchman stood beside the bed of his dying wife, and in tearful accents asked was there anything he could do for her.

"Yes, Sandie," she said: "I'm hoping you'll bury me in Craeburn kirkyard."

"But, my lass," he cried, "only think of the awful expense! Would ye no be comfortable here in Aberdeen?"

"No, Sandie; I'd no rest in my grave unless I were buried in Craeburn."

"It's too much you're askin'," said the loving husband, "and I cannot promise ye any such thing."

"Then, Sandie, I'll no give you any peace until my bones are at rest in my native parish."

"Ah, weel, Maggie," said he, "I'll just gie ye a three-month trial in Aberdeen, an' see how ye get along."

How Hammer of Death Struck James. The old parish church of Plumstead, which has just been reopened, is probably at least 1,000 years old. The picturesque churchyard, a cherished haunt of the poet Bloomfield during his visits to Shooter's Hill, contains a delightful choice "derangement of epitaphs." One of these, on "Master James Darling, aged ten," teaches a lesson of moderation during the present cherry season to the youth of other places besides Plumstead. Speaking from his tombstone, Master Darling exclaims:

"The hammer of Death was giv' me me For eating the cherries off the tree."

MOTHER AND CHILD Both Fully Nourished on Grape-Nuts.

The value of this famous food is shown in many ways, in addition to what might be expected from its chemical analysis.

Grape-Nuts food is made of whole wheat and barley, is thoroughly baked for many hours and contains all the wholesome ingredients in these cereals.

It contains also the phosphate of potash grown in the grains, which Nature uses to build up brain and nerve cells.

Young children require proportionately more of this element because the brain and nervous system of the child grows so rapidly.

A Va. mother found the value of Grape-Nuts in not only building up her own strength but in nourishing her baby at the same time. She writes:

"After my baby came I did not recover health and strength, and the doctor said I could not nurse the baby as I did not have nourishment for her, besides I was too weak."

"He said I might try a change of diet and see what that would do, and recommended Grape-Nuts food. I bought a pkg. and used it regularly. A marked change came over both baby and I."

"My baby is now four months old, is in fine condition, I am nursing her and doing all my work and never felt better in my life." "There's a Reason."

Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Read "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs.

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

## A SIMPLE SAFEGUARD IN BUYING PAINT.

Everybody should know how simple and easy it is to avoid all uncertainty in buying paint materials. There are many so-called white leads on the market, which contain chalk, zinc, barytes, and other cheap adulterants. Unless the property owner takes advantage of the simple means of protection afforded him by reliable white lead manufacturers, he runs great risk of getting an inferior and adulterated white lead.

It is to protect the paint-buyer against fraud and adulteration that National Lead Company, the largest makers of genuine Pure White Lead, place their famous "Dutch Boy Painter" trademark on every keg of their product, an absolute guarantee of its purity and quality. Anyone who wants to make a practical test of white lead, and who wants a valuable free book about painting, should address National Lead Company, Woodbridge Bldg., New York, and ask for test equipment.

## AND SHE LEFT HIM GUESSING.

Woman's Directions of Little Help to Traveling Lawyer.

A New York lawyer was called recently to a hamlet in Berks county, Pennsylvania, in the interest of a large coal corporation, and now he is telling this story on himself:

He was driving along a country road and feared he might have lost his bearings. The village he wanted to reach seemed elusive, so he halted in front of a farmhouse to make inquiries.

"Madam," he called out to a broad German woman, who stood looking at him from beneath a "poke" bonnet, "can you tell me how far it is to the next village?"

"Oh, yust a leedle ways," came the response.

"But, my good woman, how far is it? Is it two, four, six or eight miles? That's what I want to know."

"Yah, I tinks so."

And the Wall street lawyer drove on a wiser man.

## AUTOMOBILE SHOP TALK.



"What was your record on Jersey?"

"One country constable and a cow."

## No Automobiles There.

"There are no automobiles on the golden streets of heaven," says the Whitsett Courier, "but they're giving lots of folks a chance to walk those golden streets. One of the contraptions arrived in town last week and during the first spin the owner took in it it pitched a blind mule on top of the town hall, with the man that was ridin' the mule. The mule was so mad it kicked the town clock to pieces, likewise kickin' a hole in the roof an' fallin' on the mayor, just as he had took his seat an' called council to order. Having landed in the midst of them, the mule walked slow and dignified to the front door an' then took to the woods."

## COFFEE

Schilling's Best is a business-like name; you know what it means; and it means what you want.

Your grocer returns your money if you don't like it; we pay him.

## Exactly So.

"Pa," said little Willie, who had been reading a cigar store advertisement, "what's imported and domestic?"

"A hired girl," replied Pa, promptly. —Philadelphia Press.

Habit, if not resisted, soon becomes necessity.—St. Augustine.

## Syrup of Figs and Elixir of Senna

acts gently yet promptly on the bowels, cleanses the system effectually, assists one in overcoming habitual constipation permanently. To get its beneficial effects buy the genuine.

Manufactured by the CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO.

SOLD BY LEADING DRUGGISTS - 50¢ BOTTLE